

*The History of*

*Hotf.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyl,  
Breathlesse and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain Lord; neat and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,  
Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home:  
He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held  
A pouncet box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and tookt away again,  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,  
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He cal'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome coarfe,  
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,  
With many holy day, and Lady tearms.  
He questioned me: among the rest demanded  
My prisoners in your Majesties behalf.  
I then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentle-woman,  
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God save the mark;  
And telling me the soveraign'st thing on earth,  
Was parmacity for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpeter should be dig'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmlesse earth;  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly: and but for these vile gunnes,  
He would have been himself a Souldier.  
This bald unjoynted chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

*Henry t*

And I beseech you, let not th  
Come current for an accusati  
Betwixt my love, and your h

*Blunt.* The circumstance  
What ere *Harry Percy* then  
To such a person, and in such  
At such a time, with all the  
May reasonably die, and neve  
To do him wrong, or any wa  
What then he said, so he un

*King.* Why, yet he doth o  
But with proviso and excep  
That we at our own charge  
His brother in law, the fooli  
Who in my soul hath wilfull  
The lives of those, that he di  
Against the great Magician  
Whose daughter as we hear  
Hath lately married: shall o  
Be emptied to redeem a trai  
Shall we buy treason? and in  
When they have lost and for  
No, on the barren mountain  
For I shall never hold that  
Whose tongue shall ask me  
To ransom home revolted

*Hot.* Revolted *Mortimer*  
He never did fall off, my Sov  
But by the chance of warre:  
Needs no more but one tong  
Those mouthed wounds whi  
When on the gentle *Severns*  
In single opposition hand to  
He did confound the best pa  
In changing hardiment with  
Three times they breath'd, an  
Upon agreement of sweet  
Who then affrighted with th